

SYNOPSIS.

In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedight, a summer visitor, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses. The girls form themselves into a court and sentence him to do the bidding of one of their number each day for ten days. A legislative measure opposing woman suffrage, which dropped from the mayor's pocket, is used to compel him to obey the mandates of the girls. His first day of service is with May Andrews, who takes him fishing. They are threatened by the sheriff with arrest. Miss Vining sees what she conarrest. Miss Vining sees what she con-siders a clandestine meeting between one of the girls and the mayor. The next day he goes driving with Mabel Arney. They meet with an accident, are arrested and locked up, but escape.

CHAPTER VI.

In the office, smoking one of Mine Host's best cigars, his dignity outraged, sat the sheriff, waiting.

Mayor Bedight walked up the hotel stairs, oblivious to his pending fate. Suddenly a door opened and a head head, a head to catch the fancy of

"Shh!" said the owner of the pretty

Bedight stopped, looking around cau-

"Hurry!" commanded the girl, holding open the door of her room. His Honor, the Mayor, hesitated for a moment-and then, throwing conventionality to the winds, bolted through. The girl turned the key in

the lock and faced him accusingly. "Well of all the blundering bounders! Do you know the sheriff has been hanging around here all afternoon waiting to arrest you?"

The mayor looked brazenly at the

"I expected as much," he said, care-

"What have you been doing now?" she demanded, giving him a severe

reprimand from two otherwise kindly "Oh, chuck the attitude, Bess," growled the mayor, disgustedly.

"That little imp of a Mabel Arney insisted on riding the black saddler. He ran away with her and in trying to catch the minx, I collided with a baby carriage and spilled the baby's milk. That's all. The confounded natives are always ready to arrest a summer resorter, and believing the peace and the dignity of the village had been shattered, they threw us in jail We broke out," sullenly. "Do you blame us! Before she could reply there was

a knock on the door. The girl's face went white.

"I-I'm afraid somebody saw you come in here!" she whispered.,

"Nonsense," he breathed. "Here -I'll slip under the bed. Go to the

in a twinkling the mayor was safely out of sight. The girl opened the

"Oh, hello, Jackie," she cried, in

a relieved voice. "Come in." "Bess, we're in a terrible pickle," sobbed Miss Vining. "That horrid man took Mabel Arney to Lakeville this morning and got her arrested. The sheriff insists she must be in the hotel and I've promised to bring ing at the, sand: the entire crowd out on the veranda for inspection. Mabel is frightened almost to death. Bess," dramatically, "we've got to dress her so the officer won't know her. Have you a switch



Harriet Brooks.

of that flaxen hair of yours? I've got Mae Andrews' puffs. They'll riet Brooks on Wednesday morning. match yours. We'll cover Mabel's pointing to a rounded heap of earth black thatch until she looks like an just beyond the shade of a burr-oak man. "It ain't that I'm kicking about albino. Here she is now," as the a half mile inland from Sylvan Lake but not one of your men has ever colrustle of skirts proclaimed a new ar-

closet and helping herself.

ters, snatching the dress from Miss from his heated body. Vining's hands.

"Why not?"

"Be-because!" shrilled Bess. "I'm skeletons will not run away." afraid. Slip into your room, that's a dear, and I'll bring the switch in at once."

"Oh, who's afraid?" gurgled Mabel, reaching for the gown.

"Step into the closet," implored Miss Winters. "Somebody might

"Bess, you're an awful coward," anathematized the judge, sternly. The man under the bed heard the closet door close and waited. There didn't seem to be anything else to do.

Presently Miss Arney reappeared. With hysterical laughter the changing of blackhaired Mabel into a ravishing blonde proceeded rapidly.

triumphantly, "the sheriff will never know her in the world. Come on." Mayor Bedight heard the door close. Rolling from under the bed, he locked the door and sat down to await developments.. Half an hour later somebody knocked at the door. The mayor waited.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Vining

"Walter!" whispered an excited voice. "Open the door. It is I-Bess."

"Come in," replied the mayor, turning the key.

"We fooled him!" she cried, radi- cool shadows of the oak. antly. "He couldn't find his prisoner. Mine Host told him there were but and medieval things," she explained, ten young ladies and he went away smiling down at him over her book. bewildered-but he's coming back "Once when I was in Iowa I met a tomorrow to watch for you."

The man shrugged his shoulders. what Harriet Brooks-" consulting his while I was there. What if this appeared, a blonde head, a piquant list,-"would like to have me do to- should turn out to be something like morrow and whatever it is we start that?" hopefully. at five in the morning."

The girl hurried away. was still at it when Bess returned. | are full of live ones." nound on Glen Island and she wants



Mayor Bedight Took Off His Coat Rue-

have arranged to have her meet you at the bathing beach at sun-up." The mayer scowled. He was not fond of grave-digging.

"Thank you, Bess," he said finally. And now if you don't mind, I want o write a while."

"Very well, Walter," she consented. taking up a magazine.

For an hour neither spoke. Then the man laid down his pen and, look-

"Bess, I want to know where Jackie Vining keeps that confounded anti-

suffrage bill of mine." "I refuse to enlighten you," sniffed the girl determinedly.

"Bess, you've got to tell me. I must get out of this confounded hole. My campaign opens on the following Saturday and I must be there. I wouldn't mind serving out my sentence but these outraged natives have butted in on the game and they'll have me in jail inside of a week, as sure as Fate. You wouldn't want me to lose my election, Bess?" looking at her with appealing eyes.

"Walter, it is downright mean of you to even think of introducing a bill such as you have prepared. You deserve to lose-but I'm willing," condescendingly, "to do what I can for you. The bill-your bill-is in the personal possession of Judge Vining. She-in ment agency and demanded an interfact, she wears it inside her shirt view with the manager. walst to avoid losing it," blushing. "Now I hope you are satisfied-and have been recommending as A1 colyou may go. The sheriff has dis- lectors certain young men whom you appeared for the night. You ca

safely occupy your apartment." "You're a good sport," said the may- they can get it from anybody. That's or, patting the girl tenderly on the the way you make it appear, concheek-and passed out.

CHAPTER VII.

"There is the mound," advised Haron Glen Isle.

gray-haired young lady with a clear, "Where's that white princess of rosy complexion and a sweet, winyours?" demanded Jackle. "She some manner was not so bad-but wore brown today. We'll have to to be told to dig like a terrier in the take some tucks in it," going to the rough soil was a horse of another col-

or. But the mayor was game. "Here, Mabe, get into this, and live-Grasping a spade, he set to work diligently. It was a warm morning "Oh, not here!" protested Bess Win- and the perspiration began to coze

"Come and sit in the shade a while," The judge looked at Bess blankly, invited the girl, thoughtfully. "We have all day to ourselves-and the

Bedight obeyed gratefully, throwing ing nothing else to give, used to give



Margaret Farnsworth.

himself at the woman's feet in the

"I'm awfully interested in ancient man who was engaged in collecting curios-and he found a real mound-"Bess, you scoot out and discover builder skeleton along the Cadar river

"Pardon me," said the mayor, boldly, "but a nice girl like yourself The mayor seated himself at a should not be so interested in dead small desk and began to write. He ones-especially when the woods

against her white hair making her you to go with her and open it. I very attractive in the eyes of the man

> "The dead ones," she said slowly, "never stay out late nights, never tyrannize, never take everything for granted, never get a grouch, never-The mayor interrupted her, his face serious as he said:

> "There were Darby and Joan." "But these are the days of divorce courts," she answered, "and-geniuses-" coloring.

"I am old-fashioned," he parried. I like to dream of home with the woman in it."

"I fear it is going to rain," evaded Miss Brooks, looking anxiously at the cloud-filled west. "Do you mind digging a bit, Mr. Bedight?"

"As the wife said to her husband when she wanted a sealskin," he taunted, returning to the mound. She came and stood over him as he worked.

His spade struck something-and

her excitement grew. "Oh, I do hope it's a mound builder!"

she cried excitedly. The mayor grinned and kept digging. A clap of thunder pealed in the distance. As she turned apprehensively, the digger's spade pried up a long, ropy object.

"Here is your mound builder," he said soberly, raising the object upon

She gasped. The man smiled.

"Oh!" from the woman,

"I am afraid," he breathed, softly, 'it is exactly what it looks like-the tall of a cow!"

As she stood frowning at him, great drops of rain began to fall. He look ed about hurriedly for shelter under a

"Come on," he cried, starting for the boat upon the beach. "We'll have to camp out."

She followed him blindly. He pulled the dory high and dry and tipped it keel up.

"Crawl under," he said as the rain began to fall in torrents. "Why, Mr. Beeight, I can't do that

The man took her gently by the "You have no other choice-and be-

sides. I'm not a cannibal!"

She stooped and sat down upon the sand under the shelter. He followed, sitting close to her, of necessity. The fury of the storm broke. The day became as dusk, lighted only by the vivid flashes of anger that tore across the sky. He felt the woman tremble. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Big an Insult. Angrily the head of the haberdash ery concern stormed into the employ-

"I understand," he said, "that you represent as h from us. If they can get it from us, sequently your clients land good jobs." With visions of possible libel suits rising before his guilty conscience, the agent attempted self-justificatoin.
"You are considered pretty hard

nuts, you know," he said. "Oh, that's all right!" said the lected a dollar at our shop, and it Mayor Bedight took off his coat rue | don't do any good to lie about it."

The mayor lay on his back, facing fully. Being prisoner to a prematurely DOWN TO THE BARE FACTS

Young Minister's Passion for Self-Sacrifice Had Results That Might Have Been Anticipated.

The announcement of Miss Helen Miller Gould's betrothal led one of the charity workers of New York to say: "Marriage itself will not be able to

quench Miss Gould's passion for giving. Apropos to this passion, she once told me a story. "There was a young minister, the story ran, who, being poor and hav-

away his clothes. "The young minister's district contained many needy men, and he would give them shoes and socks, shirts and coats, gloves, overcoats and trousers. "Yes, time and again he would give

lessly, piece by piece, until-" Here the charity worker smiled, "Until," she ended, "he came to himself!"

away his clothes, foolishly and reck-

ETERNAL LAW OF CONTRARIES.



"Do you ever give your husband Christmas hints?" "Of course I do."

"Do you? Why, the least hint makes my husband so mad!"

bination. I tell my husband I don't want what I do want, and then I get

New York Flat.

They who have ever flat hunted in New York know well that, till a rental of \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year is reached, flats are incredibly cramped. Indeed, "She has discovered an Indian The girl's face flushed, the red in a good neighborhood, even a five-

> Discussing this phenomenon, Prof. Brander Matthews said at a luncheon: "I remarked to a lady the other

"'Why, madam, your dog wags his tail up and down!" "'Yes,' she replied, 'he has to. We

are comparatively poor, you see, and Fido was raised in a five-thousand-dol-

Her Great Love.

They had already celebrated the fact that the mistletoe hung in the hall. and now they were occupying not only one settee, but also the entire drawing

"Could you love me, darling," he murmured, as the thought of that sprig of mistletoe came to him again, "if I possessed only one coat in the wide, wide world?"

She looked up into his eyes as she framed her reply. "I could," she said, "if I knew you

had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress!" Aalsworthy Aphorisms.

Nothing that's true is synical, and nothing that is synical is true. The word "s:part" is the guardian

angel of all fashions; and fashions are the guardian angels of vulgarity.-"For Love of Beasts," by John Gals-

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The next time you are married—or, INDIGESTION

if you will when you are married-SOUR STOMACH, SLUGGISH LIVER don't buy a gold wedding ring. It isn't AND ALL BILIOUS COMPLAINTS being done. Platinum wedding rings are the newest thing. Mile. Jeanne Provost, a French actress, is to blame. She thought of the idea, and when she was married to M. Firpo, she had one. Platinum rings are more expensive than gold and wear better. Just why an actress, especially a French actress, should want a wedding ring that will last a long while the jewelers haven't learned.

Really Not to Blame.

"Don't you know I tol' you not t' go swimmin' wid no white trash chillun, eh?" sternly asked Sambo Johnsing. "But he wan' white befo' he went in," replied Sambo's small son.

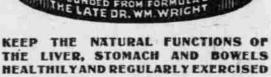
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Of Course.

"What did your lawyer say when you stated your purpose to him?" "He said it was fees-ible."

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When fools are glad wise men are







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